

Editors' Forum



Crystal Culp, Emily Roebuck, Megan Minnear, Jill Gosche

Well, let's see, I could go on and on about the goals I hope to achieve this year for the paper, but honestly, who really cares about that? I would much rather talk about the wonderful

realization that I came to this morning as a woman was helping me push my broken down, 1991 Mercury Cougar off of Claremont Avenue.

My realization is that I love Ashland!

Last weekend, as I strolled around campus giving my family the grand tour, I decided I could easily be happy here for the rest of my days.

I was like Jimmy Stewart in "It's A Wonderful Life." "Hello,

Bedford Falls! Hello, Ashland University!" I would have even picked up those octagon bricks in front of the library, which are never fixed, and kissed them as they broke apart under my feet.

Unlike George Bailey, however, I was not greeted with a giant basket of money, (that definitely would have come in handy). I did see all my friends and the friendly staff that make all the hours of work this summer worth it.

Who doesn't enjoy the smell of Archway Cookies wafting on the breeze as you make an early morning run to Wal-Mart, or the sound of rushing traffic as you cross the footbridge late at night? There is something about this place that gets under your skin. When you go back to college,

you get to live again! The nights are later, the good times are crazy and every time a bell rings an eagle gets it's wings.

To all our new readers, thank you! Welcome! Write to us and tell us what you love, hate, etc. To everyone else, you know the drill, but this is the dawning of a new era in our campus newspaper.

The staff on the "Collegian" this year is bigger and is made up of creative people with many diverse opinions. We want that to show through in each issue. There will now be more feature stories and an interesting variety to our pages this year. The same events will be covered in new and different ways. Something for every reader, that is our goal.

Letters to the Editors

We welcome letters to the editors.

Please send letters to "The Collegian," 338 A&H.

Every letter must be signed and include contact information.

The "Collegian" reserves the right to edit any letter.

The Real Deal

by Eric Meister



Uncle Sam and your child's toybox

The start of this very special school year bears much significance for everyone affiliated with Ashland University. The fall of 2003 marks the beginning of AU's 125th academic year, but more importantly, it marks the beginning of the second series of my digressions. Welcome to year two of "Digressions and Other Thoughts."

For new readers and those who may not know, this column is exactly what the title says it is. My purpose here is to poke fun, make light, satirize and offer my opinion on any number of subjects. I rely on my gifts of wit, humor and sarcasm to get me through each week, and if those fail me (which they often do), I just hope for the best.

One day in early August I was reading the USA Today and I discovered that George Bush is not only the president of the United States, but he is also an action figure. According to USA Today, a toy company called Blue Box Toys, has recently introduced "Elite Force Aviator: George W. Bush" to celebrate his landing on the USS Abraham Lincoln in May of this year. Never mind the controversy surrounding his landing (because there is plenty of it). I want to talk about how absurd it is to have an action figure of George W. Bush.

The president of the United States doesn't seem

like the best subject for an action figure. If George W. was a superhero, I would understand, but he clearly is not one. If he had X-Ray vision or possessed the ability to shoot spider webs out of his wrists I would buy it but, once again, he does not. I understand why guys like Rambo or the Terminator are immortalized forever and cast into plastic molds, but not

about the man behind the office. Here are just a few:

Jefferson, complete with Pregnant Sally.

FDR, with dual-suspension, real-action, moving wheels!

Vibrating Willy Clinton (batteries not included).

There's also no reason why this couldn't be expanded to other branches of government - there could be a whole line of political dolls. Inflatable Ted Kennedy.

Do I even need to mention the possibilities that accompany Jesse Ventura? And, if he's elected, Arnold already has a few of them. This could be a marketing goldmine.

It should be a perk to being elected to public office.

The government should fund an educational initiative to raise awareness of politics in young children.

Every president, congressman, governor and Supreme Court justice should have an action figure made in his or her likeness to be sold in toy stores across America, in an effort to bring the government and our leaders closer to children at a younger age.

These toys will be a welcome addition to any toy box, and besides G.I. Joe is no match for Harry 'The Detonator' Truman.

(If you don't believe what I have said about the G.W. doll, you don't have to take my word for it.

You can order one for yourself at www.kbtoys.com.)

"...every damn word I say!"

"Well, I have a microphone and you don't. So you're gonna listen to every damn word I say!" This line from "The Wedding Singer" sums up how I feel about the privilege of having my own column. Although it's not quite the same as being the only vocally-amplified person in a crowded room, I feel empowered knowing that anyone who directs his or her eyes toward my small corner of this newspaper will get a brain-full of my opinions.

But who wants to direct their eyes toward something that has a boring title? For example, the title "Wall Street Journal" might lead one to assume - correctly, in my opinion - that the particular piece of literature is boring.

So boring, in fact, that one might think, "I might as well just read a blank wall."

I don't want people to react this way to my column before they even begin reading it (after they read it they can think whatever they want), so almost as soon as I found out I had a column I put my brain to work finding potential titles.

My brain is always grateful for diversions from the hard work - papers, tests, deciding where to

hang my posters - that it usually does. conversation I witnessed one day in the "Collegian" office:

Random Ramblings By Andrea Haynes

Person 1: I liked Mike Thrasher's column last week, but it kinda jumped around. The point was different from beginning to end.

Person 2: Well, it is called "A Slight Shortage of Intelligence."

Person 1: You're right. Good point.

But, alas, I needed to think of my own tolerance-inducing title.

I knew I had to put the word "random" somewhere in my column title. What other word would cause people to completely understand if one week I had a

column about hairdryers and the next a diatribe about the injustice of animal experimentation? Because I am a fan of alliterations (translation: I am a geek), the next word would have to start with an "r" as well.

I thought of "Random Rants" (too angry), "Random Revelations" (too biblical) and "Random Realizations" (I just don't like it), but I only came up with my current column title through pure divine inspiration. I was just a pawn in the game of "Andrea Needs a Title for her Column."

One evening this summer I was microwaving some frozen ravioli for dinner and...BAM! It hit me like a flying squirrel crash-landing onto my face.

I dashed to my room, leaving my ravioli to fend for itself and typed it into my "Column Ideas" document.

Then I got my dinner out of the microwave and sat down with my family. "I thought of a column title," I said triumphantly. "Random Ramblings."

My mother looked up from the fish she was serving herself (I don't eat meat, which is why I had to nuke my own food). Unmoved, she replied, "You're good at that."

May we always remember

September 11, 2001